Allie Is South to the State I

### THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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### BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

It was a benefit night at the -Theatre and 'all the world" was there to see and hear.

Before the green curtain a great assemblage was gathered together. There was a confused mass of bouquets, jewels bright, eager faces and restless hands, all glimmering beneath the sea of brilliant light like a garden of living. breathing flowers.

Behind the curtain all was confusion 'Hurry up, boys!' the property-man cried, making his way out, and gathering up an armful of tools, 'the orchestra

This last was said to a slight young girl, who just then was coming down the passage, tapping one hand with a roll of manuser pt, and whom he very

"Quite excusable, I am sure, Mr Deane. I was not observing anything. or I should have seen you. I am nervous

'You ought not to be, Miss Cecil You have played this part times enough. 'Yes; but I am particularly anxious o please to-night.'

'Some attraction in front ?' he laughed And she shook her head and laughed co, as if there might possibly be some thing in his suggestion, and then walked away down, and crossed the stage, and tonk up her position in one of the en trances near the front.

The orchestra was playing, by this time, and the work of preparing the opening scene going busily on; and, leaning against the wings, Ceeil looked dreamily out.

She was a rarely beautiful girl, with ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR shining hair, curled and braided in a teaut, ul mass; with great eyes black as midui, ht, and as soft and clear as limpid water; with a mouth ripe red and glow ing, and a happy, care-free face, I ke that of a very young child.

Just then there was an eager light in her beautiful eyes, and a happy smile rippling about her sweet mouth, and an eager expectancy in every expression and attitude.

Her little hands came nervously together, as the orchestra ceased playing,

Then a low, soft, tender strain of manic stole forth from behing the mimic trees, bathing the weird and strangely natural scene in a flood of mellow light, And while the very gir was throbbing

with the wild melody, and all the vast assemblage was in attitude intent, Cecil glided, like a fairy, from her hiding place and came slowly toward the front-lights

For a moment there was a breathless silence; then a round of applause rang out which shook the building from pit to dome, and the lovely beneficiarie bowed her head, and smiled that winning smile which for months, had been bewil dering the public.

Put if the audience had watched closely, they would have seen the dark eyes wandering toward a box where a party of gentlemen were sitting, and lighting up with a strange degree of in terest, as one of the party leaned for ward and smiled.

He was a splendid looking fellow, a trifle gay and reckless, but handsome as a picture' with fair skin, deep blue eyes. sunny hair and a grand profile.

She took his face in with one glance of her dark oves, then turned back and began her song. How she sang! It was a flood of melody from begining to end--a wild song, full of sweetness and pathos, and rendered with all the carnestness and richness of an impassioned voice' and all the correctness and precision of a true artist.

When it ended, the audience arose in masses, and shook the building with thoughts were with him. their thunders of applause.

But she heard nothing, saw nothing, but the face of the man within the box near her, and the cluster of flowers which fell, with a shower of others, at her feet. That one cluster she gathered up in her white finges lightly over her pretty head, and stood there, in a graceful, smiling attitude, until the painted curtain hid her from his

This was the begining of Cecil Gray's friendship for Asbury Knight. They had met before, had chatted, and crossed swords in a meaningless flirtation; but that night the actual campaign of friendship opened, and the old. old story was begun again, in one of its pecu-

# SATURDAY MORNING NOVEMBER, 23 1872.

Cecil lived a long way up town, but the very day following that grand bene fit of hers, Asbury Knight's dashing turnout found its way to her door; and meet him, looking even more charming than ever, in her trim home dress and neat coiffure.

So charmed was he that he begged her company for the entire afternoon, and drove her away out through the park, and out upon the road, which stretched for miles away into the open

What a drive that was ! she had been wearied with a long season of labor that hand. she had fancied almost anything a relief which could come to her; but this-ah. it was like Heaven!

The newness and freshness of the spring day, the luxurious carriage, the beautiful horses, and above all, the hand some driver, with his ceaseless flow of cheerfulness and wit, were all like some bright, imposing dream.

How easy love follows all these little acts of devotion!

Cecil ¿could have told you his coming into her lonely and hitherto leveless life had moved it from its very foundation. She lived only in his pres neg. Her first thought, on beginning her night's labor, was to know if he was in his box. Her home life grew dull, unless daily brightened by his coming; her heart heavy, unless some token of his affection was being constantly offered to prove to her that he loved her.

But such men love lightly and easily Men with beauty, confidence and wealth, are monarchs and conquerors.

Asbury Knight did love, after his fashion, the beautiful girl, the talented and popular acress. She was unlike thing so sad and sweet." any one he had ever before seen and

of her stange life could harm or conin culture and refinement, nourished by tf.l. careful and loving hands, and shielded from everything that was hard or unlevely.

S) he went on loving her and petting her, calling her rarely sweet names, and and she drew back until the great cur- making her life beautiful with costly gifts and loving attentions and allowiher to trust him with all the faslish ress of a tender woman's heart ?

Meanwhile all the world was wonder ing. In a space of time so short that it seemed almost incredible. Cecil's star shot upward, and she became the reign ing queen of song.

Her face grew radiant, her step was airy and light, her voice marvelous in a wonder to even those who had always known and admired her.

But love has its summer, and hers was nearly over. Asbury was going away.

'I shall come back pet,' he said to her, when she clung to him, and cried like a silly child. 'Europe is out of the world. and a few months at the farthest will bring me back to you. I would not go, my own sweet darling, but for the inevit. able business. Cheer up my dear sweet shall bring you something splend d as a

So he went away, and Cecil kept on with with her work through all the dreary winter. With the early spring came her annual benefit, and great preparations went on for a grand success.

The night came, and the house was crowded, wi has fashionable an audic rec as ever filled an American theatre.

She was playing that old familiar part which had once introduced her to Asbury Knight, and as she crossed the stage to take up her position, her

She was certainly looking her best just then, and her old friend, the property man, paused in his labor of arranging the stage, and came over to her side. 'You are looking grand to night, Miss Cecil. I suppose you will make more conquests than ever. By-the-by, Asbury Knight is in front.' 'Yes! Are you sure?'

'Oh, yes. Come along and peep brough the curtain, and you will see for yourself.' She followed him, her heart in a wild

flutter of wonder and delight. Asbury had roguishly planned this beautiful surprise, she thought.

'There he is, Miss Cecil.' sitting quite in the shadow of the box, mother did.'

but yet near enough to recognize his handsome face and figure.

There was another gentleman beside him, and nearer the front, three ladies. she came down to the simple parlor to Two were past middle age, but the third was young; and mere too, she was very handsome. Cecil could see the outlines of a splendid figure, and see the beautiful face, with its creamy complexion, velvet brown eyes, and proud mouth, and over all, the shining coronet of dark, brown hair.

Asbury's arm, just then, was on her chair, and she was smiling in his face and holding his sleeve inher jewelled

'Who is she?' asked Ceril. 'Asbury Knight's wife.' 'His wile!'

'Yes. They were married last fall and have just returned from their bridal

She had heard every word; but some how the theatre and its wizzling light moved afar off' the music sounded faint and subdue !, and she went mechanically back to her position, numbered and

The curtain rolled up, the mimic moon shone through the printer trees, and Cecil came forth and metal deafening applicase, as she had done just a

Her eyes wandered pittifully toward the familiar box, and its aristocratic oc cupants, just for a moment; and then she began and sung her song.

If Asbury Knight had dared to listen he would have un 'erstood why the tears dimmed so many eyes when she had concluded, and why his wife said: 'Oh, Asbury it is like a wail from a

breaking heart? Did you ever hear any-But Cecil did not forget herself. She

went on with her part untile the act, Not all the roughness and hardships was finished without a sleet overkness.

Then, as the cultain rolle slowly up taminate her. She was for all the world and she came forward there we a hush, like some bright little girl brought up f r her face was strangely sail and beau-

The orchester began, but she stepped forward and waved her hand, saying something in a low voice. Then she stepped back a pace or two.

and all alone, begin that sad, sweet, butlad, 'Uncer the Daisies.' Her voice was sweet fir but there was a glimmer of tears within her eyes, and something bitterly sail and

hopeless about the pretty mouth. "And so 'tis better we lived as we did, The summer of love together, And that one of us fired and said down to

rest. Ere the coming of wintery weather."

Asbury wondered and shuddered, for her great birding eyes were turned toits sweetness and power, and her acting ward him and her whole voice frought with a strange, and at that moment an unfathomable meaning.

This soon ended, and without a smile she moved a step or two back, and stood in the almost deathly silence which had tallen upon the assemblage. It was for a moment only, and then she drew some thing from her dre s-something which flashed in the gaslight-and a quick sharp rene t rangthrough the house.

There was no need of the clear tone of the manager who came promptly out darling, and remember, when I return, I proclaiming to the horro stricken audi ence the tidings. 'She is dead,' They knew that before' when they saw the slight for a sway to and fro, and full back, the white face turned up in the light, the dark oyes dimand and gla-

Not one could enswer, unless it was Asbury Knight, who harried his young wife home, and carsed the hour that fet ered him, for after all the only love his worldly heart ever harbored had belonged to pretty Cecil.

A Chinaman in San Francisco, who was saving money to buy his lady-love from the flowery kingdom, had scraped together \$300 of the \$800 demanded Thinking the more specifly to necumulate. Mellican money he visited the lair of "the tiger," which soon clawed in all of John's greenbriks. The Chinawoman was stricken with despair when she heard of this and krank deep of lau l anum, which put beginto her final andnever ending sleep. When she was buried all her wearing apparef, valued at \$200, was burned at her grave!

Here, you young raseal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?' 'After the girls. father.' 'Did you know me to do Cecil looked out. Yes, there he was, so when I was a boy?' 'No, sir; but

### The Country Post-Office.

The country post office is seldom, perhaps never, a building dedicated to let ters, with Uncle Sam's initiales on the outward wall.

The postmaster usually keeps 'the store' as well and regards the other little affair as a means of increasing his business-nothing more. When any one comes for a letter he will be apt to go away with sugar also. The salary of the position is not worth an office-seeker struggles, as it is sometimes two dollars per annum, sometimes four. The letters are put away in a desk or box, if the pest-master is a very careful man, if not he hunts them up when inquired

The officier at my post office -Frogland Station-is currently reported to have replied to Miss Sabina Smith's inquiry for a letter, by shouting iuto the back room;

'I say, wife warn't that ere letter Baby was chawing, directed to Miss Sabina Smith!'

To which wife replied:

'Yes; I'll fetch it. I allow you'll have to dry it. Miss Smith, fore you kin read it. He's chawed the envelopse clar

This, however, is a strong case Gen erally, by going for a letter to the Frogland Station, one would be apt to get it with the envelope unbroken.

What a gathering place that post fice is! Perched upon the barrels, or leaning on the counters, one may find all the idlers of the neighborhood; and here, too, about post-hours, young farmers make their appearance, and, while talking of crops, auxiously watch the road down which some young female figure is pretty soon to come No doubt many a proposal has been made on the way home from the post-office. If not, young, farmers, have no idea of what a good chance means. A l n quiet road, no mortal in sight; trees waving overhead; a little brook rippling on one hand, on the other side the woods: the summer afternoon drawing to a close; all sweet things influence her budding heart; and he in his store clothes and a "boughten hat," look-

The question, practically interpreted

'After a few months of courting and kissing, will you wash, and serub, and milk, and cook for me until you die of

But why should the country girl do more than her city sisters? They see a bright picture often quite unreal through the magic circle of the mar riage riag, and so does she of course.

Perhaps Progland Station is not the place, but it might have been, where a etter directed to "Mother," and nothing more, lay so long mystifying the post master, until an old woman hobbled in one morning and asked for ha letter from my son, what's at sea," when the enistle being handed over, was found to have reached its destination.

Squire Schenek claims the big enrelope with "Squire stank" upon it is a matter of course; and Miss Anna Maria Morton does not feel surprised when an epistle is handed to her with this remarkable word upon it: Annermariah Mucrian.

A letter is a letter when it comes to a country post office, and it is not expacted to be clean, or to be directed in any orthodox manner.

Letters addressed, "Poly Jenkins, or any of ,enr if she's away," and "Helen Dibbons, forgetting, her married name,' were received without sur-One which bore the superscription,

Mr. Peter Parkins," remained for a long time unclaimed, until the postmaster remembered that that was his own name. He had been called "Uncle Pete" so long, that he had forgotten the fact entirely. Yes, this is a queer little post officer quaint and strange and simple, and without rules or order; but though it many

a message of joy and sadness had passed -many a story of marriage and death, Hearts have beaten wildly on their way to that frame building perched, treeless, on a hill; and many a poor, quivering words, "None for me yet!" There come the cars, sweeping along

the road with a great train of coal wagor three letters handed over to the post- editorials now,

master at most but these may break hearts, ar fill them with untold joy .-Mary Kyle Dallas.

#### Swallowing a Man.

John Thomas was a man of keen wit and strongly tiuctured with the lave of the humorists. He had been down to Concord, and had seen the Fakir of Ava verform his wonderful tricks of legerdenain. Ha was relating his experienin the bar roon of the Conway house and among other things, declared that he had gained an insight into many of the magician's manipulations, and several of the most wonderful tricks he could perform himself.

'For instance,' said he, 'I can swallow man whole.'

'Bah !' cried Tom Staples, a red-faced roodsman, weighing at least two hundred ' 'phaps you could swollow me?'

'Yes. 'I'd like to see you do it.'

'I can do it ' 'I'll you fifty dollars you can't.'

'I'll take that bet.' 'Thea let's see you begin.' 'Not now. I have just eaten my sup-

er. I will do it to-morrow morning, in the presence of as many witnesses as you may choose, and it shall be done in the square in front of the hotel." This was agreed to, and the money

was put up. By the following morning he news that John Thomas was to swallow Tom Staples whole, had become widespread, and a vast concourse, embracing men, women, and children had assembled to witness the wonderful At the appointed time the chief ac-

tors appeared in a square. John Thomas was smiling confidently, as though sure of success, while Tom Staples looked timid and uneusy, as though not quite at rest concerning what was to become of him.

'Are you ready?' asked John. 'All ready,' answered Tom : 'begin on as you please.'

·Will you have the goodness to take ff your hat? 'Tartan.'

'Now your boots.'

'Next you will remove your coat. Those big brass bustons might stick in

Tem took off his coat, and as he threw t upon the ground one of the cooks came out from the hotel with a pail of melted lard and a big whitewash brush which he deposited by the side of John

'Now, pursued John, 'you will take off your stockings, and then remove your

pantalpons and shirt." 'Eh? D'ye mean for me to strip stark aked?' queried Tom, aghast.

Of course I do. The agreement was that I should swallow you. You are ment, but your clothes are not, nor were they in the bond. If you will strip I will give you a thorough greasing and double the bet if you wish I know I can swallow you-or, at all events; can try !' Tom gave up the bet, and invited his

friends into the hotel.

STARTLING DISCOVERY .- During the sitting of a court in Connecticut, not long ago, on a very cold eyening, a crowd of lawyers had collected around hearth in the bar-room, when a traveler entered, benumbed with cold, but no one moved to give him room to warm his shins, so he leaned against the wall in the back of the room.

Presently a smart young limb of the

dialogue took place: You look like a traveler ?"

'Wall, I suppose I am; I came all the way from Wisconsin a-foot, at any rate.' 'From Wisconsin! What a distance to come on one pair of legs?" Vill, [ logit, thy iv.'

"Did you ever pass through h-ll in my of your travels?" 'Yea, si', I've passed through the out-

of us would like to know.'

A Leavenworth editor sat down in a ons, and one little passenger car for reserved seat already occupied by a hor-Frogland Station. There will be two net. He stands up when seissoring his Hints to Travelers.

"Fat Contributor' gives the following excellent rules to be observed by railroad satur

passengers : Always attend to checking yourselfs horrow If you feel like swearing at the baggaranting master, check yourself. If you havn't a trunk full of clean clothes to check, you at least should be adequate to a check shirt. to be correspon toda and

When you vacate your seat for a noment, leave a plug hat in the seat; some one will come along and sit down on it, thereby preventing your hat from Passengers cannot lay over for another

train without making arrangements with the conductor. If a man has been on a train' for a week or so, no conductor should allow him to lay over for another on any account. Ladies without escort in traveling

they become acquainted. They neede's be so particular with those with whom they are unasquainted. Keep your head and arms inside the car windows, if you would keep your

should be very particular with whom

head and 'carry arms.' Never talk on politics, it encourages some 'nimskul' to take a vote of the passengers.

No gentleman will occupy more than

A gentleman should not spit tobacco nice in the cars where there are ladies; He can let drive out of the car window while the train is at a station, if the platform is crowded.

one seat at a time, unless he be twins.

Always show your ticket whenever the conductor asks for it. If you get out of humor about it, don't show it." Never smoke in a car where there are

adies. Get the conductors to turn the ladies out before lighting your cigar. Never use profane language in the car. Go out on the platform. Profanity is never thrown away on a brake-

If you cannot sleep yourself do not

disturb the 'sleepers.' Lookout for pick pockets. Pickpockets are never in the cars, you know, as you have to look out for them.

Provide yourself with sleeping berths before starting. Ne careful man will start on a journey without a good supply of sleeping berths. [N. B .- Those put up in flat bottles are the best, as they are easily carried in the pocket.

Always be at the railroad station in good time to take the train. Better be an hour too early than a minute too late, unless you are on your way to be hanged.

In old militia times, Goffstown, Hills-IT borough county, New Hamnshire, was the rendezvous where the military of the surrounding country assembled annually for drill. It was an occasion that drew together young and old for send many miles around, and its parades; sham flights, personal encounters, gamb-latt ling, drinking and general uproarious, india ness made 'Goffstown Muster,' a familiar name to all who ever dwelt in the cen:

tral or southern portions of the State. Very early in the morning of one of the those eventful days an aged couple, liel living some miles away, started on foot for the parade ground. To shorten the distance they took a short cut through the old burial ground at Goffstown Centre, from which they emerged just as Sam W. was passing along the highway, add the fire that blazed cheerfully on the Sam was bound for 'muster,' and had and taken an early start, so as to lose none of the fun. Arriving at the graveyard. Sam looked toward it and saw the old man and wife coming over the stile. In the early dawn he could distinguish just enough to see that they were very old. aw addressed him, when the following and concluded at once that they were inhabitants of the silent tombs, awakened by the unusual stir. So, waving them from him with both hands, he shouted:

Go back, old man, go back ! This isn't the general resurrection; it's only Goffstown muster !"

An old colored minister, in a sermon on Hell, victured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze I thought likely. Well, what are through eternity. When privately askthe manners and customs there? Some ed his purpose in representing Gehenna in this way, he said, 'I don't dare to tell "You'll find them much the same as them people nothing else. Why, if I lips had been hardly able to form the in this place-the lawyers sit nearest the were to say that hell was warm some of them old rhematic niggas would be wasting to start down there the very first

> Two editors in Montana have their print shops on the election. - The board of the Salaton

# NUMBER